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GOBLIN

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

VOL. I. No. 4.

C. R. SNELGROVE

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OPENS

Monday, May 30th

The Thorncliffe Park R. & B. Association,
LIMITED
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For the enclosed $1.25 please send me 7 issues

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Issue

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The city school boy who had never seen a windmill, exclaimed:

"Gee, mister! That's some electric fan you got out there cooling them hogs."

—*Canadian Oil News.*

"Foiled!" cried the villain as he unwrapped a 50-cent cigar.

—*Pelican.*

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Teacher—"What is the Latin Race?"

Pupil—"It's a race between a Latin pony and the teacher's goat."

—*Widow.*

There was a sweet baby named Buhla,
Whose beau was employed by a juhla;
Have gave her a ring,
Diamond, pearls, everything,
And now the poor guy's in the cuhla.

—*Brown Jug.*

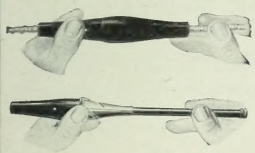
It is better to have crammed and passed than never to have crammed at all.

—*Exchange.*

See if You Can Work the Dean with This One.

Have one of your friends send you a telegram like this: "Come home at once, father in Chicago, ILL."

—*Scalper.*



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500 Bloor St. W. **245 Avenue Rd.**

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My goil's name's Goity Moiphy,
She surely is a boid,
She lives on Toity-second street,
Right next to Toity-toid.
She knocks off woik each Toisday,
We goes down to Coney Isle.
I asks me Goit to marry me
She knocks me half a mile.
Ain't she some goil?

—*Froth.*

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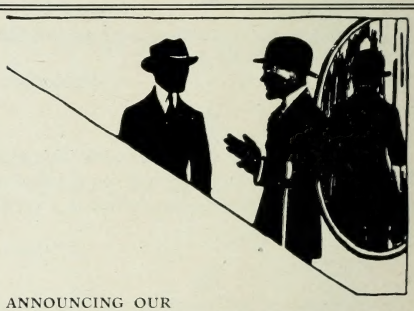
She: No, when I marry, I want a man who is game from head to foot.

Ex-football Man: Well, give me a chance, I've got a game leg already. *Exchange.*

He threatened to throw me over the cliff, but it was only a bluff. —*Brown Bull.*

No college man is as good as he tries to make his professor believe he is, nor as bad as he tells his girl he is. —*Jester.*



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SPRING MODELS

IN

MASTER-MADE CLOTHES

Most young men's models are even more conservative than last season. And their cost is considerably less—considering the quality.

Day's LIMITED

COR. ADELAIDE AND VICTORIA STREETS

Ann Marie ! She's only twelve,
But I've no fear to state,
Where all my evenings will be spent
In 1928.

"WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE—"

VOL. 1 MAY, 1921 No. 4

Private Stock

If the Tely would run a morning edition, Toronto would soon be known as the Canadian Windy City.

* * *

Where are we going to spend our summer? Well, there are only two provinces worth mentioning and British Columbia is so far away!

* * *

If the Comet hits us, there may be no glorious Twelfth, but as Gus says, "this shows that even a Comet has its advantages."

* * *

A minister in Geneva came to life after being dead for fourteen hours; we presume the congregation also woke up.

* * *

As to booze—England, the little "tight" island, has nothing on America, the big leaky continent.

* * *

A Reformer says that, "the open work stockings, worn by the present day women are scandalous." Still—

When Nebuchadnezzar was King of the Jews,
The Babylon flappers wore open-work shoes.
Maybe that was sandalous.

* * *

"Hoch der Kaiser" is a dead slogan, but it seems as if the Allies in search of indemnities may have to hock Germany.

The rumour is reported to be unfounded that Ambrose J. Small has been found in a telephone-booth, trying to raise Central.

* * *

Formerly you could tell a man who had made a pilgrimage to Mecca by his green fez, to-day if he has seen "Mecca", you can recognize him by his smoked glasses.

* * *

A well-known down-town restaurant has recently changed hands. Goblin would remind the new owners of the Biblical warning, "Put not your trust in Princes."

* * *

Henry Ford in the Dearborn Independent—"The cow is the crudest machine in the world."
And this from Henry Ford!

* * *

"Workmen refuse to go out on gargoyles on City Hall tower to see if they are safe." Toronto Star.

This shows the demoralizing effect unions are having on the labouring man.

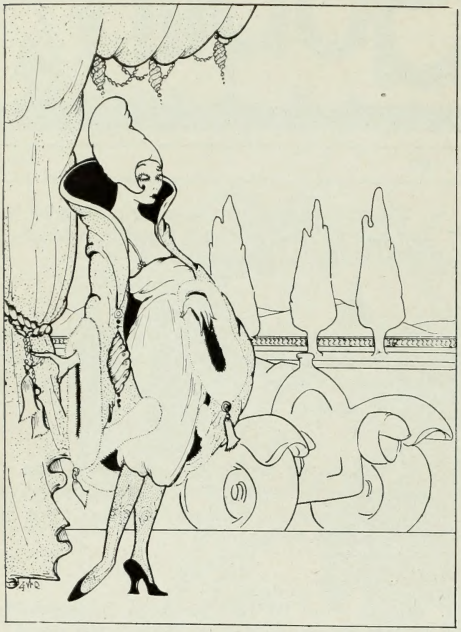
* * *

"Cornelia sees," in a Toronto daily, that nearly all the skirts at a recent function were full. This is the sort of thing the W.C.T.U. are up against.

She also mentions the great popularity of black and white at Havana. Glad to see that the Cubans appreciate British whisky.

* * *

"Only one chorus girl was arrested in New York last year," says the daily press. No wonder chorus girls are so much in demand for parties!



THE STAR THAT STARRED PERKINS, '24.

Lambs would not be so often fleeced if they gambolled less.

"You're a record-breaker," she said as he moved the Victrola.

Marv: "What do you think of this 'Varsity Board?"
Elus: "I never eat at Hart House."

It was a frosty October evening when the would-be suicide hesitated upon the parapet of the Bloor Street viaduct.
Passer-by—"Why don't you jump?"
W.-be S.—"Because it's such a cold fall."

ANNUAL EXAMINATIONS

Select Patronage, Proceeds in aid of the Women's Building Fund.

(Note: Candidates not to write on more than two sides of the paper. All answers must be typewritten, and handed in to the presiding officer before he gets hungry. Breach of these regulations will mean cancellation of Hart House privileges for a week. Cigarettes may be obtained on application from the presiding officer.)

1. Using the slide rule, calculate the probability of your passing this examination. If you do not pass what do you intend to do? Why? Do you prefer girl's hair bobbed or long? Give reasons.

2. A tree is so high that it takes two men and a boy to see the top of it. Find the height of the tree in degrees centigrade. Calculate your percentage accuracy correct to .5 decimal places.

3. What is the Queen's Hall telephone number? From your own experience give some instances of its use. If you did not know it, how would you go about finding it? Describe an experiment illustrating this.

5. Calculate the velocity you moved down the line to pay your examination fees. Express this in inches per hour.

6. Give the chemical formula for the following:

(i) Hart House Soup.
(ii) Toiky Oike.
(iii) Protylaxus.

HOOSE: "SEE ME OUT IN MY LIMOUSINE LAST NIGHT?"
GOW: "OH, IT WAS YOU. I COULDN'T TELL FOR THE BARS."

An Opened Letter to Anyone What's Interested

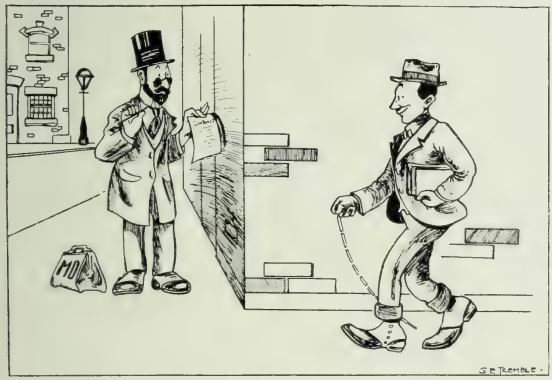
Si Whiffletree, McGill University Student from Sims' Corner, Quebec, Writes In

Copy Edited By FRANK D. GENEST, McGill University, '21

Decoration by G. E. TREMBLE, McGill University '21

FELLOW CLASS-MATERS: When the Head Editor in Chief of the Goblin funny magazine journal arsted me would I write a little sumpin' for him, I replied back: "Would a duck swing?" He didn't have no comeback to this old proverb, so I made up my mine then or there to give the devil his doo and say a few juicy words of praise for the Toronto Varsity College Ice Hockey Players, non passibus aequis, as us legal lads has the habit of remarkin' careless like.

Right here or now, leave me prance 4th to renounce that I never seen a finer aggravation than the Blue or Whites. Even at that, I know indubitable that most on you if asted what was your opinion of the team, modest, would answer back in reply—"Oh, they ain't so much," or "mebbe they'll improve with a little practice!" But deep down in your old artery feeders, yo gotta admiss that the Varsity College outfit's got greased lightnin' lookin' like the Snail Futurity on a muddy track!



"DOC SLIZZERS IS WAITIN' ROUND THE CORNER."

Even "Navy Cut" Shaughnessy, the McGill Coachman, come off his perk and crashed a icy smile when the Varsitys give the Wheat Growers the razoo a ways back.

There's no use beatin' round the forest, it's the spirit in every fight what counts—not the bird what rubs you down between rounds! For incense, you take this here Jass Dempsey, the Yankee wrestler we hear tell so much 'bout. Sposin' Jass was took with the misery durin' a wrestlin' mask. Would he holler for a mustard plaster or a dose of Ma's good old Sulphur and 'lasses? Not on your tin tike! He'd tell the head waiter to bring him a coupla gobs of Dr. Slizzer's Iron Tonic and bring it pronto!

"Why is this?" you and quire in extenuation. "If Jass had a hankerin' for the mustard plaster, or mebbe the sulphur and 'lasses, why'n tarnation wouldn't he holler for it?" Lissen!

I can't say positive, but in all plausibility, the big fellow, as he's sometimes turned, has a written contrast in words to holler for Doc Slizzer's Tonic every time he's took with the misery or the rheumatiz or sumpin'. Bein' as how he's signed his name to this contrast, he's gotta live up to it, ain't he, even if the mustard plaster or the sulphur and 'lasses, what I mentioned previous, would cure his misery quicker'n the Tonic.

I tell you, lads, these here's the things of importance in life's great struggle, and durin' the hurry and scurvy of college, we should oughta take a coupla lectures off each day to pause, to stop, to come to a halt, to ast ourselves—what is the use of toilin' like busy beads, day in or day out., when canaries like Doc Slizzers is waitin' round the corner to beg us to sign on the doctored line?

Mebbe at first sike, this won't strike some on you as bein' strictly entre nous from the point of view of the consoomer. Still or all, opportoonity is the mother of invention, and we all gotta cease the opportoone to take the book by the horns.

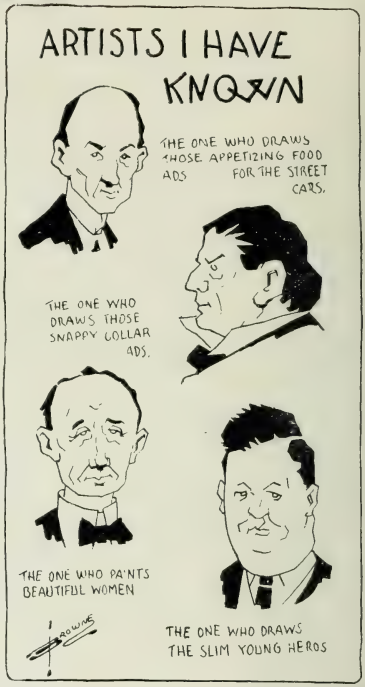
Down here at the McGill, or the McGill Col-

lege, as it's sometimes called, the stoodents has been fightin' tooth or nail to get dormitrys as sleeping' quarters, or quarters in which to sleep. Probable, you know as how for years or years, us McGillers has been astin' the college perfessors would they run up a coupla water-prove dormitrys so's we could have some place to lay our tired heads on wet nights. I don't say we was turned down complete, but a bird goin' to the college authorities with a request like this here, expects more'n a hum and a coupla haws. I'll tell the whirl!

Final, a repeal was made to the general public to chip in. Each man, woman and child was asted to make the welcome ring with as many pieces of 8 as plausible. Quickern'n a flask, 6 mill was corraled. Did we get our dormitrys? We did not! We was told blunt that the perfessors' wages had to be raised so's they could take home a bar of butter to their wifes and starvin' childer 'stead of the oily margarine they was used to*

At that, though, it's not for the likes of me to cash reflections on them in the high places. Consequent, I say nothin' and saw wool! Curfew time. Fraternal,

SI WHIFFLETREE,
'21 Laws, the McGill.



With the Theatres.

OUR CONCEPTION OF MAYTIME!

It is a wise Landlady. . . .

Visitor: "Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?"

Landlady: "Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman."

Extracts from the Phlivver Tourist's Bible.

He is a man that hath a wandering disposition, a phlivver, numerous offspring, and small pecuniary recompense.

So verily, he loadeth the phlivver with gas, kids, and canned goods and starteth for the Land of Phlorida.

He goeth to Phlorida because it is downhill all the way thereto.

If he oils not, neither does he spin, and yet a Rolls-Royce in all its glory goeth not like one of these.

He liveth of the fat of the land—if the owner thereof seeth him not.

His standard is a tin lizzie rampant, with a quartering of nuts and wire, standing on crossed monkey-wrench and can-opener.

When his phlivver arriveth there in Phlorida he parketh on the municipal camping ground and settleth down unto a life of phleas.

Here endeth the Phirst Chapter.

Haig: "Did you go to that Economics lecture this afternoon?"

Naig: "Yes."

Haig: "What was he talking about?"

Naig: "He didn't say."

Frazzled Frosh: "What's Turkish Delight?"

Sophisticated Soph: "Harems!"

There was an old duffer in Siam,
Who sighed, "Oh, I am, yessiam!"
Said his friend, "You are what?"
Said he, "I am not!"
"And what's more, I'll be dammifiam!"

Joseph loved a maiden fair,
She weighed 300 lb.
One day they went canoeing,
And poor old Joe was drb.

But Will it Last?

She has no desire to wear silk hosiery.
She never goes to a picture show.
She does not crave a Hudson seal coat.
Men do not appeal to her in the least.
Flattery does not awaken the slightest interest in her.
She wears long roomy skirts that effectually conceal her limbs.
She has never longed for a limousine.
She does not powder or paint.
She would rather sleep than dance.
She numbers many men and women among her admirers.
She never criticizes her own sex.
She is a disciple of the early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise cult.
Cynics will doubtless remark that she is either dead or a lunatic.
But I know better.
She is my landlady's two-months-old daughter.

A Reel Shame.

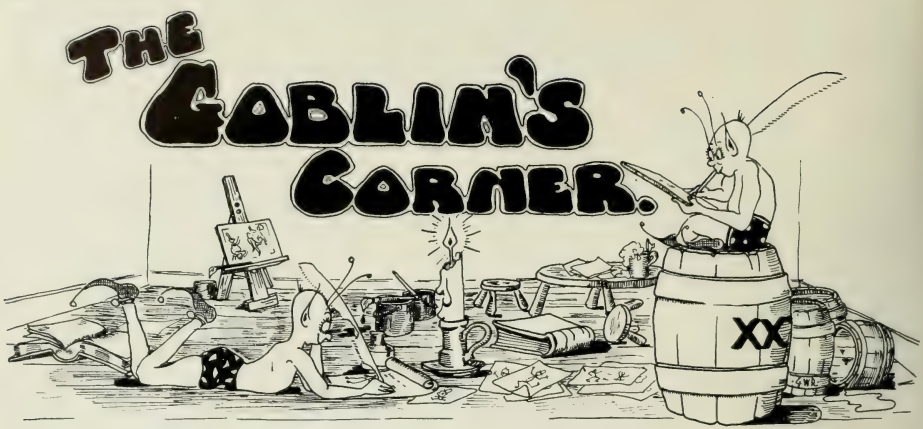
Edwin.
Was One
Of those Simple
Blokes
Who Park a
Complete Vacuum
Above
The Level
Of
Their Eyebrows.
Hence;
When his Pet
Bit
Of Lingerie,
Pleaded for
Some Hose;
He
Telephoned the
Fire—
Department.

"I like your nerve," said the dentist as he prodded in the patient's mouth.

2T2: "Did you hear the latest? Binks has been swapping animals with the History Prof."

2T3: "Wajermean?"

2T2: "Binks handed him some 'bull' in the last exam., and he got the professor's 'goat'."



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Rowing

WHEN GOBLIN backed in from behind the beyond he found Toronto University already holding two Dominion championships—rugby and rowing, and he has since watched the third borne in triumph to its place beside the others. Rowing practices have already commenced, and three eights will go from Varsity to the Canadian Henley at St. Catharines, a Senior to defend the Hanlan Memorial Trophy, a Junior hoping for the Junior eight-oared championship, and a Lightweight with all the future before it.

The little fellow may not be there to see the contests this year; that is his loss, but in future years he hopes to be present, not only at the open events, but also at an Intercollegiate Rowing Meet. There have been rumours of rowing at McGill, and Varsity is waiting for them to come true. An annual eight-oared race would add another bond to the many that already bind the two universities.

Pity the Poor Bootlegger !

PITY the poor bootlegger! He has fallen between Scylla and Charibdys. Neither the Citizens' Liberty League nor the Referendumbells will claim him for their own; each says he is the child of the other. If you ask the bootlegger himself he mostly can only say, "Five dollar" in broken English and shrug his European shoulders. Upon the conditions which make it possible for him to collect all these odd "Five dollar" from the gay young blades and the bad old rounders, he is not at

all clear. Like Topsy he just growed. But if he does have the intelligence to vote, how is he going to vote? The Liberty League promises a vote for importation will abolish him, the Referendum Committee says a "yes" vote will kill him. Logically the future for the Bootlegger looks as black as a B. M. E. congregation, and yet we somehow have an idea that whatever happens he will still be with us, retailing may be at ten bucks instead of five if the vote goes against importation.

Au Revoir but not Adieu

WHEN the wintry breezes start to blow the $1.98 derbies around the landscape, the ground-hog locks up the office, pulls his night-cap over his ears, and goes to bed for the winter. But, alas, he wakes up in the spring looking like a "Before" picture in some patent medicine ad.

GOBLIN, on the other hand, overdoes the union hours all winter, and parks his hammock under the trees for a summer siesta when examination time comes round. When the arrival of "le freshie vert" announces the opening of fall, the little fellow will return, larger and brighter than ever, brimful of new ideas and bubbling over with the wisest kind of wit. He will arrive in state, accompanied by six policemen, on September the fifteenth, with more spirit than a millionaire bootlegger and more jazz than Ted Lewis. After receiving the personal compliments of the President of the Waitresses' Union, he will dispense mirth galore to the public at large and University students in particular. Till then, in the words of the Prohibiki—"Here's looking at you."

Let 'em All Come

AND now for the pleasant task of rewarding those who through natural gifts or by virtue of hard toil have succeeded in tickling GOBLIN'S funnybone more than their fellows. He whose drawing had this effect was C. R. Snelgrove, designer, among other things, of the cover which protects the inside of this issue from the outer world. E. H. Reeve's numerous jokes and epigrams have succeeded in gaining him a five-dollar prize. The third of these prizes was won by Si Whiffletree, who has requested that the cheque be made payable to Frank Genest, of McGill.

For the benefit of those who are thinking of drawing cover designs for some of GOBLIN'S fall issues, be it known that the size of the magazine will be nine inches by eleven, instead of the present seven and three-quarters inches by ten and three-quarters. With increased size more material will be needed. So if all you humourists improve the shining hours during the long, lazy, summer months there should be a pile of mail as high as the tower of Babel waiting for GOBLIN, when he gets back from his five-months' holiday.

As this magazine was made up in the early hours of a beautiful spring morning, any mistakes that may occur should be treated simply as "Slips that pass in the night."

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AN INTERVIEW WITH TRICKY TRIXIE—MOVIE STAR.

As I entered her Long Island home I was impressed with the exquisite beauty of the jeweled door knob and marble vestibule. Here, I was cautioned, by a footman in leopard skins, to buy a cigar at the counter and content myself while he arranged my interview with Miss Trixie.

Two hours elapsed before I was bidden to follow him farther down the labyrinth of gold, mahogany, and tin, leading to the reception room.

This is Trixie

We both rolled up our trousers as we waded down the Persian carpet which rippled up against the walls at every step.

My thoughts and fancies were of ancestoral castles and feudal mansions as we made our way along this hall of wonders. Such furniture! Such pictures! Such priceless tapestries! Here was an Egyptian masterpiece of a small boy with an axe, just about to break a plate. There was an East African scene depicting two pair of water-wings only half inflated—But my reverie ceased when a voice bubbling over with sunshine and gum, bellowed in my ear, "Oh! How **do** you do, Mr. Watfield."

There was nothing in the room with its two dozen footmen to call to mind an Eskimo dance-hall, yet the flavour of the old North was present, chiefly in Trixie's mother, who was visiting, and in Trixie herself, curled up in the deep recesses of a fur-lined bathtub, which all goes to prove that people do suggest atmospheres.

"What do you think of the situation in Mongolia?" I enquired, seeking for information.

"I really never go to any public houses," she declared, and I decided to drop the question.

Looking at her nestled there, frocked in velvet, playing with a cut-glass roller skate—I found myself wondering what her thoughts could be, if she had one.

To my delight she suddenly became animated, a train of thought had wrecked her silence. "You may tell your readers," she said, "that I am reading all the time, I am a subscriber to the Police Gazette and am hoping always that something will turn up for my next picture. I really never send much to the laundry, you know—and don't you think the dust in Allegheny is too delicious. But we philosophise too much these days."

"But remember," I replied, consolingly, "two birds in the bush are better than an overcrowded bird cage."

Her mother beckoned me aside at this point and requested me to leave so there would be room for the morning mail. So I departed with this interview.

"After all, there is something to be said for the reckless motorist."

"In what way?"

"Well, generally when he runs into you, he treats you to a bier."

When the Pole Comes Off.

VOICE IN THE DARKNESS—LIGHTS QUICK, SOMEBODY'S PUTTING MONEY IN MY POCKETS . . .!

The Lounge-Lizard.

The listless lizard, lolling on the lounge,
  Limp, lank, and lean, his languid life he lives,
Lapping the liquid brewed from little leaves,
  Loquaciously his loving line he gives.
His labour lighter than a lilly fair,
  While lazily he looks in limpid eyes,
List'ning to lure of lethargy and leisure,
  This loathsome lout luxuriantly lies.

THE RISING GENERATION

The early Robin catches the abuse from the Sparrows.

Danger ! Thin Ice

The co-ed dons her cap and gown,
  With purpose, darkly sinister,
To track some hapless student down
  And lead him to the minister.
Be wise, ye men, and flee her wiles,—
There's danger lurking in her smiles!

Her eyes are wide with innocence;—
  It hardly seems permissible
To spurn, although in self-defence,
  A pair of lips so kissable.
Be wise, ye men, avoid the taint—
There's trouble brewing—mind the paint!

When college days are past and gone,
  She graduates in deep content
For she has vamped her victim on
  To hopeless life imprisonment.
Be wise, ye men, and guard your hearts,
Be "Bachelors" in more than "Arts."

PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE

EVERYMAN'S GUIDE TO WRITING

One of the first things to be observed in short story writing is the law of foreign phrases. No doubt you have noticed how the modern author peppers his attempts with words of French, Italian, German, Spanish, Greek, Chinese, Russian, Hebrew, Hindustani or anything, providing it is not English. No doubt his idea is to impress his readers with his knowledge of languages, so he hunts up the back of the dictionary and works in all the foreign phrases he can logically squeeze in. In many cases the reader does not know what it means—likewise the author.

We offer a short tale so ornamented:—

Pro forma we will make a proces verbal of this. I had just come into toga virilis and felt full of amour propre as I rambled down der Strasse. It was plastered with gaudy theatre signs and cafe fronts ad captandum vulgus. As I passed l'hotel de ville I saw une jeune fille dressed au bon ton. I turned and followed her down la calle, past el teatro and into el restaurant Thressa. I sat at the table next to her. She took the menu languidly and ordered cafe au lait and zunge and brot. I had the zahnweh and so ate rien. At this mal a propos moment a mauvais sujet entered. He went over and sat down at her mesa. Non mi ricordo just what he said, but she was enojado and rose. He grabbed her wrist. Now I intervened. "Ne quid nimis" I cried: he turned suddenly, leering at me. We went a verbis ad verbera and he struck me ex tempore. Then he strode away. "I'm so sorry," the huhn said, "he is my only brother."

Le Rideau Tombe,

which is the French for "This way out."

"That man has designs on me," said the sailor as he left the tattooer's booth.

A SWALLOW-TALE

If you should offer me a drink
  An insult I should take it.
That I've a thirst, how dare you think,
  Or any wish to slake it?

Yet though the insult's offered me
  It possibly might follow
That through my magnanimity
  The insult I should swallow.

SMALL TOWN STUFF.

—HELLO, OLD DEAR, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN
—TRAVELLING. BY THE WAY, OLD TOP, I PASSED YOUR TOWN THE OTHER DAY.
—DIDJA; WHAT DIDJA THINK OF IT? COULDN'T SEE IT, REALLY. THERE WAS A BOX CAR ON THE SIDING, OLD CHAP.

THE EVE OF TO-MORROW

Lizzie Lewis Writ This

Inocently unware of the grate dark cloud hurtlin down on her fromout a cleer sky, her winsum hansumness stil unteched by the wrinklin hand of fatal time, the idly rich Missus Katish was awaitin the cum-back of her husban from his palashial offiz with bewtiful mahogny an walnut trimmins in Wall st.

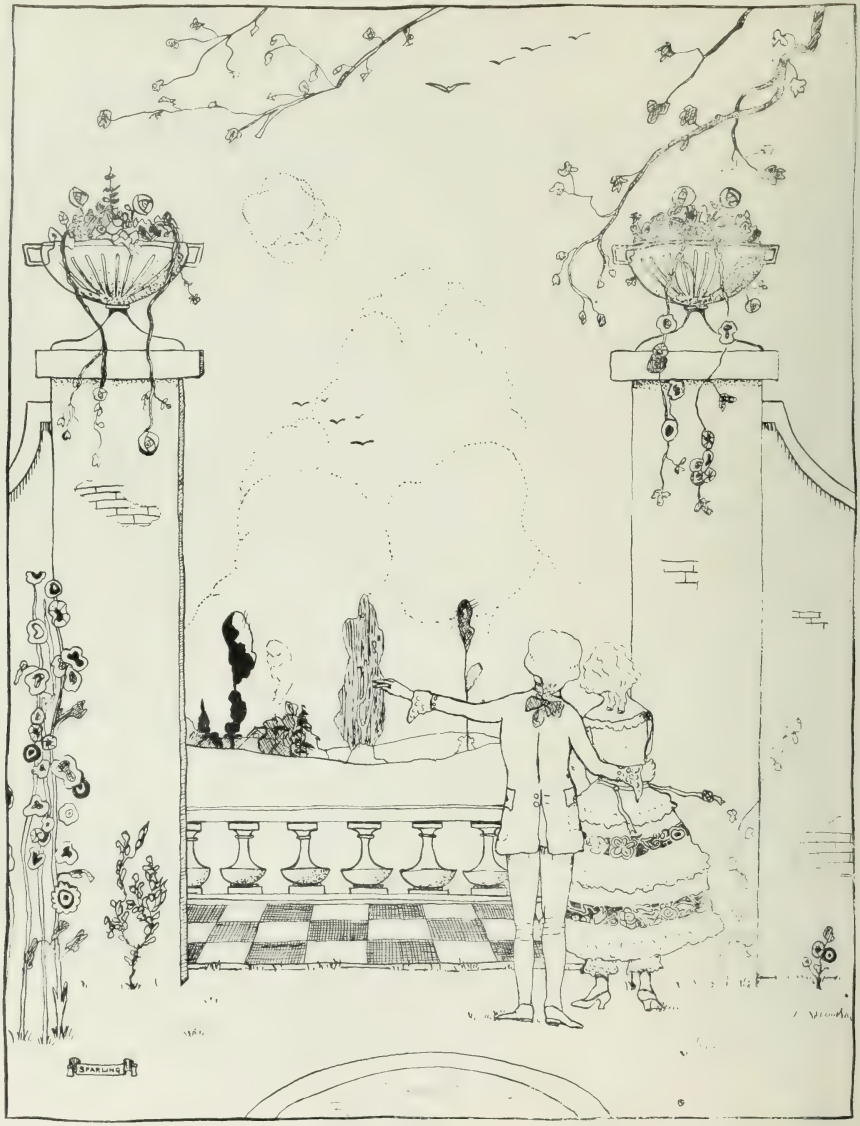
At last he staggers in: his luks tell the wurst has cum. Sinkin inter a magnifisunt $500 sofa he grones. Busted he sez with agonish painted on his face, i hev played indeed alas too offen this blasted stocks, our all is lost in the crisus includin our home an all its fixins an the garadge. A fit of coffin overcums him imediate. Shudderin the rich Missus Katish seen that his bodly helth is undermined by a dred decease; that with her alone rests the burdun.

Pitchur to yerself a squally bed in retched garret on the sqaully bed a figur of a human bein yernin for fresh an greeness of the feelds an recuperashun. Can it, ah, but yes it is the finanshul reck of the wunce-was grate Katish. Meentime her hevy hart makin her feet as led, his lovin wive is ploddin about for to keep them both on this mortul coil. Turnin a corner she runs inter a pedestriun walkin along. He stops an gazes starinly then exclames. "Tiz the tipe, oh joy, i hev serched for months for a tipe sech as you." She reconizes the famus theaytur magnut, Mister Abrinsky.

And now all is well, Mister Abrinsky has give her a star job at $1,700 a munth an board, her name is twinklin in the footlites she receeves applaudits of thousans an thousans, wile her husban will soon be harty an power in body, mind an helth.

If at ferst you dont suceed keep on tryin.

THE CALL OF THE WILD



NO!

IT IS NOT LOVE. SIMPLY AN 18TH CENTURY REAL ESTATE AGENT SHOWING A PROSPECT AROUND THE PLACE.

The Flower and ——————————the Weed

Ed: "What are you reading?'
Ned: "The King's speech."
Ed.: "By George!"

A song we sing,
A song of hope,
The world is reading
Goblin dope.

"Excuse my glove," said the pugilist as he knocked out his opponent.

TRAINING A HUSBAND

Henry at the railroad crossing,
Met the train and got a tossing,
Spilt himself among the rails;
Men took Henry home in pails.

Mrs. Henry said she thought
It was the first train Henry caught.
It was sad because, you know,
He had two tickets for the show.

Kale—That chap has all kinds of money.

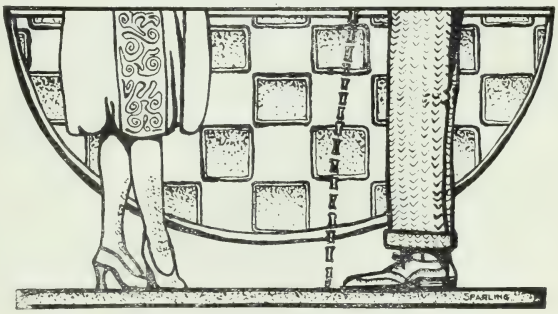
Kash—A millionaire, eh, what?

Kale—No, a coin collector.

"I see you are putting up a lot of new houses around here."

"Yes, that's the only kind we do."

Mellow moons,
Blue lagoons,
Lonely loons,
Twilight spoons,
Flimsy blouses,
Boarding houses,
Hot nights,
Mosquito bites,
Flies, bats,
Verandah cats,
Wot cheer!
Summer's here.



Mug: "The conversation was spirited."
Wump: "Where?"
Mug: "At the seance."

"Ay, there's the rub," mused the poet, as he glanced at the massage parlor.

Refrig: "Wore my new suit to the office this morning, and the boss fired me as soon as he saw it."

Erator: "Sort of sack coat, I suppose."

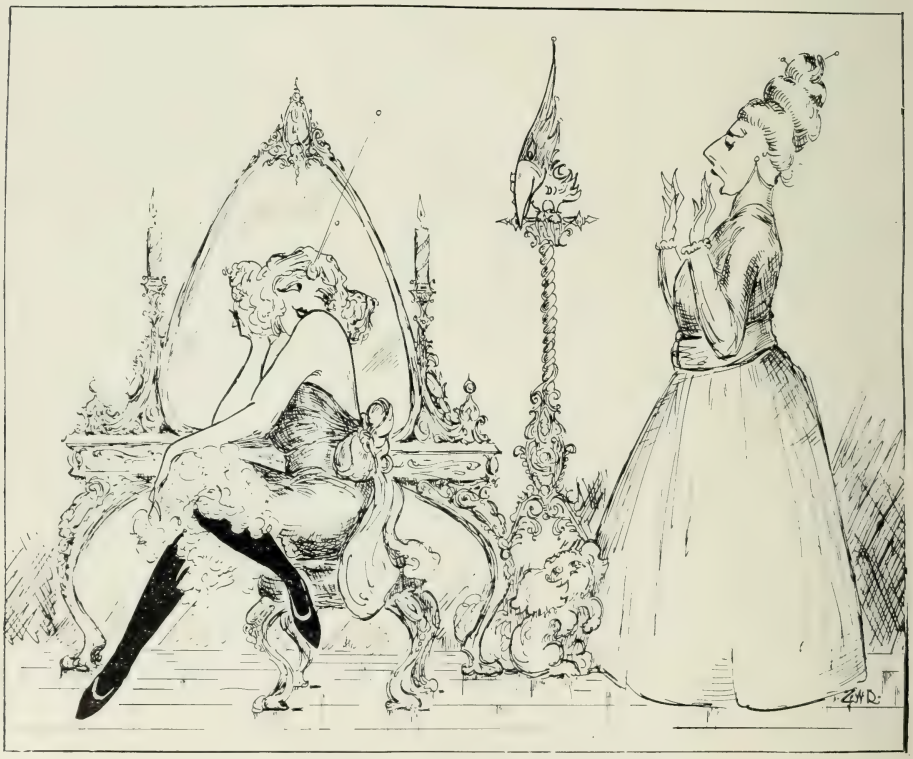
"The Dicks have got our whiskey, but we have our whiskey still," says Si Beerius.

Visitor: "They tell me your mayor has held office for a long time?"

Native: "Yeh, six years."

Visitor: "I guess that's the longest church-service on record."

"I'm a Skye Terrier," screamed the Dog-star.



"OH MY CHILD, I DECLARE! AREN'T YOU FRIGHTFULLY BARE?"
"NOT A BIT, AUNTIE DARLING, I MUST HAVE FRESH AIR!"

ODE ON ACCOUNT

By Si Beerious.

The glorious days are now at hand, when all good poets chirp and sing; they write punk verse to beat the band to glorify the name of spring. The maidens sweet paint up with flour or show six inches more of hose, and pray for suckers by the hour and dun their dads to buy swell clothes. They all are primed to raise the roof, if they can nail some cheese with dough; they search out some poor foolish goof, and make his wad melt like the snow. Their bills for eats would pay the rent on quite a spiffy ten-room shack, while money on one lady spent, would lay two miles of railroad track. You ask, "And why are such things so? What makes the females all so wild?" The wise Guy says, "Romance, you know, and love mixed with the breezes mild."

Here lie the bones of William Barr,
Who starved to death on a Belt Line car.

Our own risqué French Joke.

Jean: "Quand est-ce qu'une porte n'est pas une porte?"
Jeanne: "Je ne sais pas."
Jean: "Quand elle est ouverte."

No, Cuthbert, the tulip is not a bright flower because it comes out of a bulb.

The man in the ad., in the underwear
In the street car doesn't seem to care,
For the crowd of young ladies who at him stare,
From five p.m., to six.

THIS SPRIGHTLY YOUNG FELLOW FROM HARWICH
CHANGED HIS MIND ON THE DAY OF HIS MARWICH.
AND SHAKING HIS HEAD,
HE STUBBORNLY SEAD:
"YOU CAN CHEW OFF MY EAR, BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE ME WEAD!"
THEN HE DRUV OFF WITH SPEED IN HIS CARWICH.

Oh, what a friend is a friend who has a cellar and is a seller.

Delicate pink shells,
An ivory tower,
Rubies and roses,
Peaches and pearls,
Stars and cream,
Woven sunbeams and a skein of tangled silk,
Alabaster and velvet,
Violets and pansies and spices of Araby,
This is
A brief poetic description of
My sweetheart!—
My, but she must be
A mess!

JAK: "HOW'S YOUR FATHER?"
KANUK: "O.T.A., O.T.A."
JAK: "WADDUYE MEAN, O.T.A.?"
KANUK. "FINE, FINE."

TOWARD MORNING

The old man stood gazing out of his window, trying to peer into the grey dark of the early morn. His eyes were fixed, and his body trembled with excitement. From whence had come that cry? Again, it pierced the darkness, a shrill sound of distress, filling the desolate countryside and his lone house with the wierd feeling of some mysterious ill-doing near at hand. With but one thought,—was she safe—had any harm come to her while he had slept—he rushed madly into the cold gloom of the approaching dawn—and there she stood, robed in sullen grey—her bared feet against the frozen earth, her head thrown back as though in desperation, and ere he came upon her, yet another anguished cry, as though to rend the very dome of the dawn-streaked heavens asunder. He reached her side, and there, at her feet lay a still form, garbed in ghastly white, striking terrors to the old man's heart. Could this be she, who had done this thing, she who was the pride of his failing years; turned into a heartless devil, that she should do this thing. He stooped and raised that tiny form, and stroked it gently and fondly, muttering the while—and turning, he carried it into the warmth of his home—yes, it was so, it was at last true—his pet hen had layed an early morning egg.

My Friend Gloomy Gus Says:—

On the 18th of April they will make us so dry,
That the next generation won't know how to cry.

But Cheerful Charlie Remarks:—

Though they make the land dry,
The old bootleg drip,
Keeps a case in the safe,
And a crock on the hip.

He: "I had a good joke to tell you this evening, but I see you are not in a condition to receive it."

She: "Why?"

He: "Because if your face lights up, the powder will go off."

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN FROM GREENLAND,
WHO WAS STROLLING OUT UNDER THE PINES.
HE SLIPPED ON A CONE
AND HURT HIMSELF SEVERELY
WHICH CAUSED HIM CONSIDERABLE WOE.

FUTURISTIC IMPRESSION OF ANY UNIVERSITY DINING HALL

Concise Life of a Common-place Man.

Age 6 wks.—I-baptize-thee-John-Harwell-Smith.

Age 6 mos.—Muzzer's 'ittle tootsie-wootsie.

Age 2 yrs.—Jack, Jackie.

Age 10 yrs.—John-Smith-stay-in-after-school.

Age 14 yrs.—Smittie.

Age 16 yrs.—John-my-boy.

Age 19 yrs.—J. Harwell Smith.

Age 20 yrs.—Darling.

Age 25 yrs.—Hubbie Dear.

Age 30 yrs.—Pa-pa.

Age 40 yrs.—John H. Smith, Esq.

Age 50 yrs.—The Pater.

Age 60 yrs.—Grand-pa.

Age 70 yrs.—Smith-old-chap.

Age 74 yrs.—Dear Brother Smith.

Age 75 yrs.—The late John Harwell Smith.

Sokit Tuum

He hit me with a hair-brush,
He beat me on the crust,
He threw me down, and jumped on me,
Until I thought I'd bust,
He pulled my hair and blacked my eye,
And punched me in the nose,
But I love him still—for he looks just *swell*
In evening clothes!

Another Epitaph

Here lies I
Killed by a sky—
Rocket in the eye—
Socket.

This Applies to Some of us at Least.

PICKING A SPOT FOR A VACATION.

One Conception of a "Typical" English Family

FOR DETAILED DESCRIPTION CONSULT ANY OF THE AMERICAN PAPERS OR THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE

Take Your Baby to the Movies

Rock a bye baby,
In the Movie Show,
When the picture's over
Home to bed we'll go.
The air in here, baby,
Is not good for you
But Mother can't miss,
Episode twenty-two.

Mrs. New Rich: "Have some more tea."
Mme. Nouveau Riche: "Well, just one more saucer-full."

Rosebud (reading from the back of a passing milk wagon)—"Pure Products From the Farm!"

Gwen (intent on two passing men)—"Oh, no, my dear! They come from Leaside, I know them!"

PEARLINE

A Drama of Ennui and Sophistication.

Cast: Pearline Luxite, the heroine, Marcy Kelly-Springfield, the hero.

Scene: Pearline's studio. An exotic, erotic sort of room, obviously designed by a victim of neurasthenia or D. T.'s. Pearline is such hot stuff that everything has to be covered either with asbestos or Valspar. Almost any furniture will do, but the whole room **must** have an atmosphere of freedom and unrestraint.

Pearline (scornfully and cruelly): "Ha-ha-ha-ha!"

Marcy (with hopeless rage): "Laugh at me if you will, you. I know that to you I am just a broken play-thing, an empty crock, but my spirit remains unbridled.

Pearline: "Dear Marcy, you are making yourself hoarse."

Marcy: "You have made me a mere derelict to grovel in the dust of time. You have ruined me but I shall have my **revenge** if I have to wait for it till—till—till Montreal goes dry!"

Pearline (with a yawn): "My dear boy, you terrify me."

Marcy: "Nay, I will take to drugs. If I cannot have the heroine I will have heroin. See here! (producing pellets)—here is enough of the deadly drug to kill six men!"

Pearline (picking up a magazine): "You interest me, do take some, say half of them."

Marcy does so, and having curled up his toes, dies quietly on the hearth rug with the words, "pink elephant" on his lips.

Pearline (leaning over him): "Quite dead!"

She takes the automatic telephone from the wall and presses the button labeled janitor, "Hello! George, dear, if you are doing nothing will you please come up—and bring an ash-can."

Curtain!

"ALAS, MY POOR BROTHER!"

Fan: They tell me that Vin Rouge is made by French girls who tramp the grapes with their bare feet.

Tan: O, that's where it gets the kick.

People We Would Like to See Strangled.

The small-town citizen who says: "Willie Gump is going to the University. Is he in your room down there?"

Rona'do or Sam ?

I'll build my love a faerie boat
Of lilies pale as you,
Across the sunset skies to float
Born on the seas of dew,
While zephyrs soft
Our hearts shall waft
Above. . . .
So sang Ronaldo to his lady love.

Sam said:
"He's dead.
Say Bo,
Let's go,
Jazz show,
First row.
Not far,
My car.
Curtain down,
'Round town,
Dance, tea,
Some spree,
My lid
To you, kid.
So shake a limb.
* * * * *
She went with him.

MEET CEDRIC, THE SEA-SHORE SAND SNAKE! WILL YOU KILL HIM FIRST OR SHALL WE?

Lest We Forget.
A SUGGESTION FOR A BUDDING AUTHOR.

There Breath'n't.

(Humble Apologies to Sir Walter Scott.)

Breathes there the guy with humour dead
Who never to himself has said,
This is our own Canadian brand!
Whose funny-bone hath never burned
As he his "number nines" hath turned
From lectures, GOBLIN in his hand.
If such their breathe, avoid him well;
For him no O. T. C. bands swell!
High through his term-marks, cute his dame
Boundless his kale as she can claim:
Despite such term-marks, "flame" and pelf,
The bloke, unsmiling at this elf,
An "undergrad" without renown
Shall graduate—perhaps—then frown
In the dull burg from whence he sprung,
Much cursed, less honoured, then far-flung.

THERE AIN'T NO SENSE TO IT.

By Merrill Denison.

SYD was supposed to be cutting wood that morning, but when I went by the wood-shed, I found him sitting on the end of a log stroking the edge of his axe with contemplative fingers. His face wore that distinctly worried look it always did when Syd was questioning the ways of the world.

"What's the matter, Syd? Why haven't you got more of that wood split?" I asked him.

"Well, I been thinkin about somep'n," Syd drawled in reply.

I knew that the only thing to do was to sit down beside him, from long experience of Syd's thinking. If I ever expected to get the wood cut it was necessary to help him over the thought and let him get on with the work.

"What have you been thinking about," I said.

"Well," said Syd, "I been kinda wonderin who this government is we got down there to Ottawa."

"Why it's Conservative." I felt rather pleased that the matter was going to be so easily disposed of when Syd broke in.

"Yes, I know it ain't Laurier no more, but what I was wonderin is, who is the government."

"Why, the government is your agent, Syd. You vote them into power and they act for you. You are really the government."

"O!" says Syd, "I'm the government, eh?"

"Yes, you're the government. But what are you worrying about it for?"

"Well, it's this way. When the war was on some feller came around and ast me if I'd help the government out by buying a Victory Bond. Seems they was in need of a little ready money just then. Had to pay off the war it seems and this feller says to me that the government'll pay me five dollars a year if I lent them a hundred dollars."

"And what did you do," I asked.

"I didn't have a hundred dollars but give 'em fifty and they was to give me back two dollars and half every year till I got the fifty back."

"You did right, Syd."

"I dunno as I did. I wouldn't a done it if I'd knew I was the government. Don't seem to be no sense to that, a feller lending himself money."

"But you get paid two dollars and half interest every year."

"I was thinkin of that too. Who pays that there interest?"

"Why, the people, Syd." Syd is very dumb at times.

"Well, who's the people?" he asked.

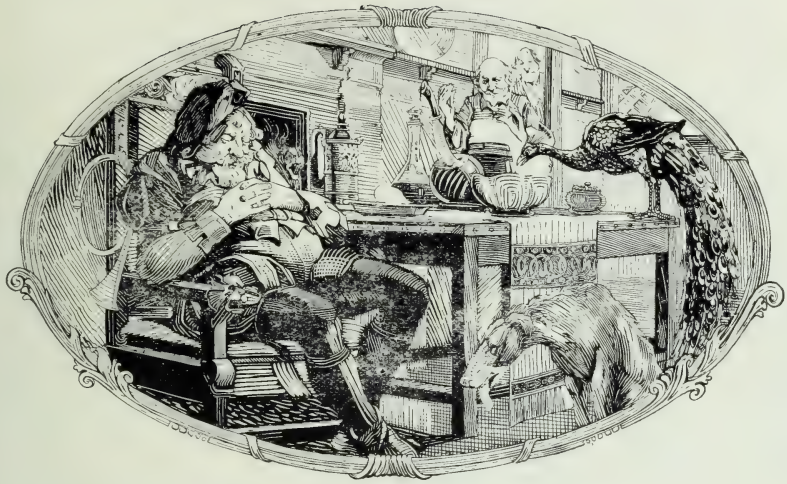
"Why the people is everybody. You are the people, Syd."

"Well, there ain't no sense to that at all. A feller borrying fifty dollars from himself and then havin to go to all the trouble of getting together two dollars and a half every year to give back to himself just so he won't lose the chanst to get back the fifty dollars he give himself in the first place." Syd paused a minute and wagged a finger at me.

"Why there's no sense to the way they runs things at all. Supposin a fellow had a lot of money and give it to the government—say a thou-

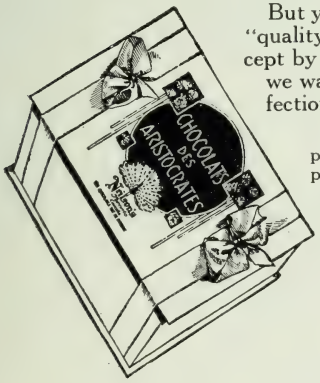
(Continued on Page 32)

"UNFELT, UNHEARD, UNSEEN
I'VE LEFT MY LITTLE QUEEN." —KEATS



When the Tongue is Pleased the Mind is Satisfied

THE most difficult thing to set down in words is the description of a taste, because there is no word to describe taste but taste. So, when talking about the taste of Chocolates, the only way to stimulate the sensation you enjoy from eating them, is to tell you that they are luscious, or satisfying, or delicious, or that they flatter the palate, or that they have such and such a flavour.



But you cannot get real conviction about the "quality of taste" in Neilson's Chocolates except by tasting the Chocolates themselves. So we want you to go to your Druggist or Confectioner and buy a box.

Don't eat them hurriedly. Consider each piece carefully. Open a few pieces. Let your palate linger over the flavour of the coatings the fruit, cream and nut fillings, and the blended flavour of the fillings and coatings together.

If you will do this and eat, as continentals say, "with appreciation," you will get a remarkable quality of enjoyment from your purchase of

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"The Chocolates that are Different"

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"My but it is good"

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TORONTO.

Signs of Spring.

The Spring has come,
The snow has went;
It was not did
By accident. —*Tar Baby.*

The Prisoner: "Your honour, it is true that I was speeding, but I can explain if you will give me a little time."

His honour: "Ten days."

—*Tar Baby.*

Letters of Si Whiffletree, Freshman;

Edited by Frank D. Genest

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"My, but 'sh foggy," remarked the envied gentleman as he tried to manoeuver through a frosted glass window.

—*Sun Dodger.*

In the Hole.

Null: "I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me and I went to find it."

Void: "Did you find it?"

Null: "Oh, yes, I'm in the hole now."

—*Lord Jeff.*

COURSE X:—"How do you make Ethylene?"
DITTO WIT:—"Feed her at Walton's."

Mass Tech Voo Doo

RELIABILITY

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(Continued from Page 28)

sand dollars—he'd be pretty hard put gettin it together each year to give to the government—which is himself—to give back to him. And I suppose it costs quite a bit one way and another to get this here money down to Ottawa and them get it back to a feller again so's if you give them five dollars to give back to you, the chances are that you wouldn't get but about three back."

"But don't you see Syd that your fifty dollars is an investment."

"What's an investment?"

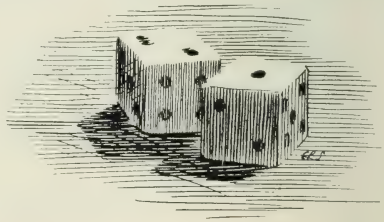
"An investment is a way you make money with money you have standing idle."

"There weren't nothin idle about that fifty dollars of mine."

"But you weren't doing anything with it."

"Well, even if I wasn't, there weren't no sense in going to all this trouble about it. Why it's costing me money to lend that there fifty dollars to myself every year, and it won't be for about twenty years till I get it back! Ain't no sense to it at all, a feller lending money to himself and then payin himself for not keepin it in his pocket, like a sensible feller should a."

I gave it up as hopeless. Too often have I tried to show Syd that his ideas were absolutely wrong, but he is a hard man to argue with, especially as he cannot see things in a sensible way. I left him.



THE END

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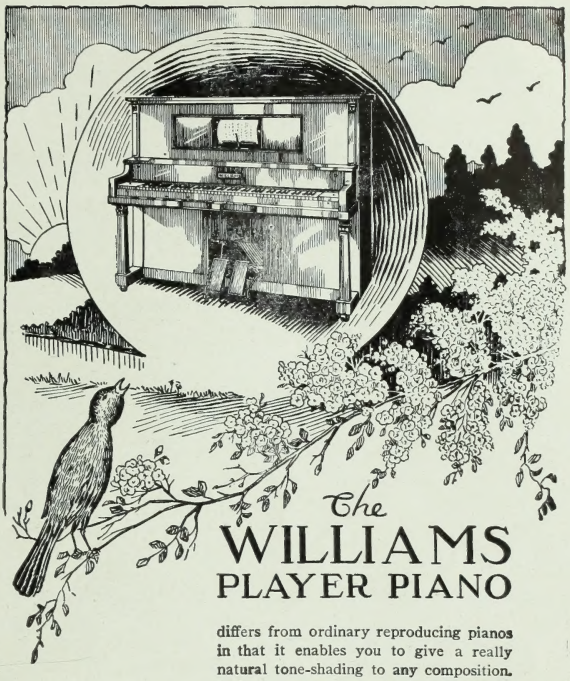

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"Which one?"

"Ben Turpin." —*Cracker.*

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Almond: Well, not all alone—but he did his share.

—*Banter.*

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Wait for the Wagon?—Mackintosh (to his elder who has advised him to try to check his strong language at golf by picking up pebbles, one for every profane word, and bringing them to elder on Sunday after church) : "Here, mon, is a handfu' for 'bothers,' and here is anither for 'hangs.' "

Elder: "Well, that's no verra dreadfu', I'm thinking."

Mackintosh: "Aye, but bide awee; there's a cart coming wi' the 'damns.' "

—*Judge.*

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